

f May 1

*t*  
SONNET  
XL.



*e*  
BUT, ah<sub>5</sub> my plague, through time's  
outrage, increased' For when my sun  
his task had finished Within the  
Scorpion's Mansion, he not ceased,  
Nor yet his heat's extremes  
diminished,  
Till that dead-aiming Archer 'dressed his  
quiver, In which he closely couched, at  
the last! That Archer, which does pierce  
both heart and liver, With hot gold-  
pointed shafts, which rankle fast!  
That proud, commanding, and swift-  
shooting Archer ; Far-shooting  
PHCEBUS, which doth overshoot! And,  
more than PHOEBUS, is an inward  
parcher ! That with thy notes  
harmonious and songs soot  
Allured my sun, to fire mine heart's  
soft root! And with thine ever-  
wounding golden arrow,  
First pricked my soul, then pierced my  
body's marrow !

SONNET X L I .



HEN my sun, CUPID, took his next  
abiding  
'Mongst craggy rocks and mountains,  
with the Goat;  
Ah then, on beauty did my senses doat!  
Then, had each Fair regard, my fancies  
guiding ! Then, more than blessed was I, if one  
tiding  
Of female favour set mine heart afloat!  
Then, to mine eyes each Maid was made a  
moat !  
My fickle thoughts, with divers fancies  
sliding, With wanton rage of lust, so me did  
tickle !  
Mine heart, each Beauty's captived vassal !  
Nor vanquished then (as now) but with love's  
prickle! Not deeply moved (till love's beams did  
discover  
That lovely Nymph, *PARTHENOPHE* I), no  
lover!  
Stop there, for fear! Love's privilege doth  
pass all!